The Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

For ev'ry palate is our Banquet fit;
Replete with Morals, Hist'ry, News & Wit.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1801.

HONORABLE ROGUES.

Extract from "a Tour through Sicily and Malta, by P. Brydone, F. R. S. in a ſeries of Letters," giving an account of a peculiar ſpecies of BANDITTI *in the iſland of Sicily, which are tolerated by the government of that iſland—The Letter from which this is taken, is dated at*

MESSINA, May 20, 1770.

WE are juſt returned from the prince's. He received us very politely, but with a good deal of ſtate. He offered us the uſe of his carriages, as there are none to be hired; and in the uſual ſtyle, deſired to know in what he could be of ſervice to us. We told him (with an apology for our departure) that we were obliged to ſet off to-morrow, and begged his protection on our journey. He replied that he would give orders for guards to attend us, that ſhould be anſwerable for every thing; that we need give ourſelves no farther trouble; that whatever number of mules we had occaſion for, ſhould be ready at the door of the inn, at any hour we ſhould think proper to appoint: He added, that we might entirely rely on thoſe guards, who were people of the moſt determined reſolution, as well as of the moſt approved fidelity, and would not fail to chaſtiſe on the ſpot, any perſon who ſhould preſume to impoſe upon us.

Now, who do you think theſe truſty guards are compoſed of? Why of the moſt daring, and moſt hardened villains, perhaps, that are to be met with upon earth, who, in any other country, would have been broken upon the wheel or hung in chains; but are here publicly protected, and univerſally feared and reſpected. It was this part of the police of Sicily, that I was afraid to give you an account of: But I have now converſed with the prince's people on the ſubject, and they have confirmed every circumſtance Mr. M—— made me acquainted with.

He told me, that in this eaſt part of the iſland, called Val Demoni, (from the devils that are ſuppoſed to inhabit Mount Etna) it has ever been found impracticable to extirpate the banditti; there being numberleſs caverns and ſubterraneous paſſages in that mountain, where no troops could poſſibly purſue them: That beſides, as they are known to be perfectly determined and reſolute, never failing to take a dreadful revenge on thoſe who have offended them, the prince of Villa Franca has embraced it, not only as the ſafeſt, but likewiſe as the wiſeſt, and moſt political ſcheme, to become their declared patron and protector. And ſuch of them as think proper to leave their mountains and foreſts, though perhaps only for a time, are ſure to meet with good encouragement, and ſecurity in his ſervice; they enjoy the moſt unbounded confidence, which, in no inſtance, they have ever yet been found to make an improper or a diſhoneſt uſe of. They are clothed in the prince's livery, yellow and green, with ſilver lace; and wear likewiſe a badge of their honorable order, which entitles them to univerſal fear and reſpect from the people.

I have juſt been interrupted by an upper ſervant of the prince's, who, both by his looks and language, ſeems to be of the ſame worthy fraternity. He tells us, that he has ordered our muleteers, at their peril, to be ready by daybreak; but that we need not go till we think proper; for it is their buſineſs to attend on *noſtri excellenzi*. He ſays, he has likewiſe ordered two of the moſt deſperate fellows in the whole iſland to accompany us; adding, in a ſort of whiſper, that we need be under no apprehenſion; for if any perſon ſhould preſume to impoſe on us to the value of a ſingle baiocc,† they would certainly put them to death. I gave him an ounce,‡ which I knew was what he expected; on which he redoubled his bows and his excellenzis, and declared we were the moſt *honorabili Signiori* he had ever met with, and that if we pleaſed, he himſelf ſhould have the honor of attending us, and would chaſtize any perſon that ſhould dare to take the wall of us, or injure us in the ſmalleſt trifle. We thanked him for his zeal, ſhewing him we had ſwords of our own. On which, bowing reſpectfully, he retired.

† *A ſmall coin.* ‡ *About* 11s.

I can now, with more assurance, give you some account of the conversation I had with Signior M—, who as I said, appears to be a very intelligent man, and has resided here these many years.

He says, that in some circumstances these banditti are the most respectable people of the island; and have by much the highest and most romantic notions of what they call their point of honor. That, however criminal they may be with regard to society in general: yet, with respect to one another, and to every person to whom they have once professed it, they have ever maintained the most unshaken fidelity. The magistrates have often been obliged to protect them, and even pay them court, as they are known to be perfectly determined and desperate; and so extremely vindictive, that they will certainly put any person to death, who has ever given them just cause or provocation. On the other hand, it never was known that any person who had put himself under their protection, and shewed that he had confidence in them, had cause to repent it, or was injured by any of them, in the most minute trifle; but on the contrary, they will protect him from impositions of every kind, and scorn to go halves with the landlord, like most other conductors and travelling servants; and will defend him with their lives, if there is occasion. That those of their number, who have thus enlisted themselves in the service of society, are known and respected by the banditti all over the island; and the persons of those they accompany are ever held sacred. For these reasons, most travellers chuse to hire a couple of them from town to town; and may thus travel over the island in safety. To illustrate their character the more, he added two stories, which happened but a few days ago, and are still in every body's mouth:

A number of people were found digging in a place where some treasure was supposed to be hid during the plague: As this had been forbid under the most severe penalties, they were immediately carried to prison, and expected to have been treated without mercy; but luckily for the others, one of these heroes happened to be in the number. He wrote to the Prince of Villa Franca, and made use of such powerful arguments in their favour, that they were all immediately set at liberty.

FOR THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ADDRESS

To the Baltimore Female Humane Association.

HAIL, gen'rous Fair, whose souls superior rise
To all the customs of a cruel world,
Who wipe the tears of sorrow from the eyes
Of those by fate to depths of misery hurl'd.

Long time hath man confess'd your power to charm,
And own'd the virtues which adorn your sex,
(Save to some few, whose only pleasure's harm,
Who only live themselves and man to vex.)

E'er have you reign'd supreme in Love's domain,
And made man yield to your superior pow'r,
With gentle sway, howe'er, you hold the rein,
Not like the tyrants of the present hour.

But then, ye soothers of the human race,
Ye dropp'd not here—but onward bent your way
Left man behind in the all glorious race,
And won of thee, Humanity, the day,

From the sad house of Mis'ry, where it dwelt,
You snatch'd the child of Sorrow from dire want,
You knew, humane and gentle, what it felt,
And to its woes a competence now grant.

Yet not content with merely giving food,
You grant an education, form the mind,
You furnish clothing—yield them every good,
And fit them well for whate'er Heav'n design'd.

C——.

FOR THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A NEW SONG.

TUNE—"*The Meadows look cheerful.*"

THE rose sweetly blushing, the glory of May,
The woodbine adorning, the cowslip so gay;
But all their sweet fragrance can never compare,
To the breath of my *Kitty*, the pride of the fair.

The Lark shrilly warbling, that visits the skies,
The Nightingale plaintive, whose murmurs I prize;—
Sweet fragrance and music can never compare,
To the voice of my *Kitty*, the pride of the fair.

Minerva, the goddess who rul'd at her birth,
Endow'd her with wisdom, taste, beauty and worth,
Then blame not my passion, since none can compare,
To my *Kitty* so lovely, the pride of the fair.

SOME ANCIENT WONDERS EXPLAINED BY MODERNS.

IT is no incurious speculation to explain some of those incredible stories which the ancients have recorded of various phenomena they observed in nature. These wonderful relations have long existed, and were taken for facts, 'till within the last century; and facts they are, but misrepresented by the admiration and superstition of the first spectators. The following are a few of the most curious which have been collected. It was long believed that the Cameleon existed on the air; and it is but lately that we knew that this little animal lives by the less subtil nourishment of flies and other insects. All the ancients are full of strange narratives of Pigmies, who war with Cranes

when they arrive on the borders of the Red Sea. It is now confirmed by the accounts of many travellers, that the little men, said to be only a foot and an half in height, are only apes, who fight with the cranes, to preserve their young ones from the attacks of the latter. How long was it believed that certain shells were metamorphosed into sea birds, after having been impregnated by the heat of the sun? It has, however been discovered, that several sea birds deposit their eggs in these shells. The prudence and the sagacity of Ants have long furnished an example for satirists and tabulists, with which to reproach human negligence. In satire or fable this is a valuable discovery; but the fact is, that these diminutive animals pass the winter in a torpid state, without feeling any want of food; and the grain and straws they previously collect serve to construct their habitations. The emigration of Swallows in autumn, who pass the sea to seek a warmer climate, is another interesting story, which fancy must sacrifice to truth; it is, I believe generally acknowledged that those of the most northern countries remain in Europe, conceal themselves in subterraneous cavities far from observation, become torpid, and lie on each other in heaps till the return of spring, when its genial ardor infuses a renovated life, and recalls them to the fields. The exploded history of the Pelican it is sufficient to mention; we know that it can deposit in its breast a great quantity of food, which it opens for its own wants, rather than for those of its young. On the faith of Aristotle it was long believed by Naturalists, that all shell animals had no eyes; but Derham, Lister, and others, by the aid of the best of microscopes, have observed that the horns of snails are two optical nerves, on the points of which each eye is placed. The insect so well known by the name of Death Watch, and which terrifies so many of his majesty's liege subjects, which dashes the cup of revelry from the hand, and haunts the solitary listener by his fire side, has indeed a funereal voice: which it is not, however, difficult to account for. De Reaumur informs us, that this alarming noise proceeds from the collision of its trunk with its two barbs, between which it is placed. The showers of blood which so much alarmed the ancients, and are so solemnly related in their histories, were nothing else, according to our academician, but the red excrements of a great many butterflies or moths. This is ingeniously explained by Goldsmith, in his history of the Red Fly. All those phenomena, which are described so carefully by historians, as signs of the Divine wrath, were only the Aurora Borealis. But it is time to conclude with a list of errors, which however it would not be difficult to augment.

Friendship, Truth and Love.

SWEET is the blush that gilds the morn,
And tinges round the op'ning ray,
How lovely shews the whit'ning thorn,
That paleful ushers in sweet May:
Come then, O Sally, come and prove,
The joys of friendship, truth and love.

How blissful is sweet friendship's theme,
When candor warms the list'ning heart;
When the soft tongue can claim esteem,
And just advice with truth impart;
Then Sally, seize the moments fleet,
That makes the joys of life complete.

If Love, persuasive, should draw near,
With silken robes, quite blissful dress't,
And with soft sighs assail your ear;
And with Love's sweetest terms be blest:
If candor guides the plaintive youth,
Give him your hand, your heart, your truth.

Baltimore.

VENGEANCE awake—now claim your hour,
And to my youthful grasp confide
Your hottest thunderbolts to shower,
On Martin's black guard—low born pride.

Attacked by *Alexander Martin* in such various ways, how can I avoid taking notice of his scandalous intentions. This fellow at one time was my declared friend, and now my avowed enemy: But why should I wonder; he once advocated *federalism*, and now is the public supporter of *democracy*—Oh! instability of human nature; why, oh! first of Causes, hast thou formed man thus; why so versatile, why so deviating? Is it to set in its true light the frailty of man that you have created this heterogeneous monster? or is it that you place him here as a buoy, by which honest men may be guided? Thought sickens at reflection, and virtue recoils at mention of the name! Vain dastard! from behind a screen he emanates his inanimate fulsome remarks; and conceives himself happy if he can cause a grin at another person's expence. I have a tickler in store for him, however, to aid his digestion.

ANECDOTE.

DURING the siege of Ypres, a shell fell on a soldier of the second battallion of La Coireze, which cut the straps of his knapsack, and broke a pot of butter that he had placed above his necessaries. This volunteer, who was a native of Limousin, was not at all affected by the danger, but, looking eagerly at the fragments, cried in his provincial dialect, "Ah, God! my poor pot of butter! what shall I do now to make my soup!"

HISTORY OF JACK SMITH.

[*Continued from page* 181.]

This undoubtedly was the converſation of our young pair, their hopes and fears; many a plan and ſcheme for their future lives; and not a little was ſaid in praiſe of the country and a quiet retired life. Smith, with all the ardour of youth, hoped, in a few years, to be provided for in the church: and again and again beſeeched the beloved maiden not haſtily to reſign him, and give her hand to his hated rival. The young lady liſtened attentively to all he had to ſay; ſhe herſelf, indeed ſaid but little; confeſſed, with down caſt looks, he was not indifferent to her, and that ſhe would do every thing in her power to prevent the hated nuptials with Sir Sandy. I dedicate the whole of the next chapter to one of theſe rapturous ſcenes, which our hero experienced with his beloved miſtreſs on the ever-to be remebered ſhores of Swanſea; while the prudent and conſiderate Mrs. Heriot leiſurely walked with the ſervant at a proper diſtance behind.

Miſs Modely had not yet entered her ſeventeenth year, and the age of one and twenty was the time ſpecified by the will for the young lady and Sir Sandy to give their final determination concerning the match; and the party that refuſed to fulfil the conditions of the will, forfeited the eſtate to the other. Upon mutual agreement the marriage might take place ſooner, and Mr. Modeley and Sir Sandy were both eager to have it concluded immediately. Miſs Modeley had always regularly oppoſed it; ſhe had plainly told Sir Sandy he was not agreeable to her, and to her father ſhe did not conceal the ſame, and begged he would at leaſt wait till the time ſpecified by the will. Such was the ſtate of the affair at this period. Sir Sandy conſtantly paying his devoirs, and endeavouring to gain the favour of the lady, while all other competitors (for many had ſtarted up, and were appalled) knowing the improbability of the attempt, awfully kept at a diſtance. Smith alone was determined never to reſign the lady; and the very thought of Sir Sandy's ſucceeding, harrowed up his ſoul. In the company of his moſt charming miſtreſs he ſpent a moſt delightful week, which quickly flew away, and he prepared to return to St. Donats. Miſs Modeley's father had been arrived for ſome days; Smith, though he was admitted to the houſe, had no longer thoſe faſcinating *tete a-tetes*, or did he think it proper to affect, too much before the father, or to be often at the houſe. He therefore took his leave of Miſs Modeley with leſs regret than he other wiſe would; conſcious, that if he ſtayed, he ſhould have few opportunities of ſeeing her. The laſt day he dined with Mr. and Mrs. Maiber and Miſs Streit; and greatly pleaſed with his ſhort viſit, returned to St. Donats in high health and ſpirits.

If the moſt ſincere and ardent effuſions of the devoted lover are neceſſary to complete a hero, the next chapter will ſhow, that our's was by no means deficient in this particular.

AN APOLOGY FOR

CHAP. XVII.

Let me not, to the marriage of true minds,
Admit impediments; love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no! it is an ever fixed mark,
That looks on tempeſts, and is never ſhaken;
It is the ſtar to every wand'ring bark,
Whoſe worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not time's fool, tho' roſy lips and cheeks
Within his bending ſickle's compaſs come:
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, and no man ever lov'd.

SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS.

OH reader be not indignant while the compiler of theſe papers apologizes to thee for the loſs of this 17th chapter. The greater loſs, indeed, is moſt aſſuredly mine own; for while I doubt not from the ſcraps that are yet legible, that this chapter originally ſurpaſſed the others both before and after; ſo I am pretty certain, from the anxiety with which it has been noticed, this one alone would have immortalized my book.

It was evidently written on the ſubject of love, and plainly appears to have been handled (by thoſe into whoſe hands the manuſcript has unhappily fallen) in a tenfold, I may ſay an hundredfold degree to the reſt. The other chapters are tolerably clear, while this ſhows the undoubted ſoil of human moiſture, ſo deeply engraven on the ſurface, that the writing is totally obſcured. The oily preſcription of the fingers, the warm graſp of the thumb at the bottom, with its due proportion of grimy dirt, are all ſo legibly marked, that the agitation of the reader, at the moment of peruſal, can no longer be doubted; nay, I could almoſt affirm, but I will not be raſh, that in more than one place, the ſoft impreſſion of the moiſt lips of the lover may be nicely diſcerned; where the riſing paper, as if pleaſed with the notice taken, yields to the amorous ſuction. Immediately after his place a few lines ſomewhat to this purpoſe, may be, with ſome difficulty, traced:—

"Such were the words of the enamoured youth, as he breathed the pure, though warm effuſion of his love into her ſuſceptible breaſt. The glow that animated the cheeks of the lovely maiden, no fooliſh prudery attempted to conceal. Our hero ſaw that the ſubject was not ungrateful; he gently took the fair hand, that ſeemed ready to be taken, from her ſide, and, while an approving ſmile ſanctioned him as he preſſed it to his lips, thus confirmed: — — — — —." Here again every trance of the meaning is obſcured, though now and then the words—"love, conſtancy, honour, inviolate affection," and ſome others, are juſt viſible. Then the following is more legible:—"Yes, moſt adorable Miſs Modeley, whatever is my fate, wherever chance may throw me, you are the beloved object to which I ſhall ever turn. Though kingdoms, oceans, and ſkies part us, like the loadſtone to its bias, my affection ſhall not be weakened by diſtance, but ſhall ever be the ſame, as equally fixed, powerful, and invariable. Though time delays my hopes from day to day, he ſhall find me at every ſeaſon, like the ſteady ſun, certain to its meridian. Though accidents may intervene, and misfortune for a moment ſhake me, they ſhall be but as the ſtones, thrown into the ſurface of the water, which quickly ſink to the bottom, while the diſturbed element ſoon regains its former brilliancy and ſmoothneſs. Yes, moſt idolized of my ſoul! — — — —." Here again is a miſerable hiatus, and I forbear to try to gain any more; conſcious, that the little I have collected is very inferior to the original. In vain, from the few ſcraps that are to be read

did I endeavour to compose a chapter somewhat similar to what, I suppose, this to have been; my heart was unconcerned in the business, and the cold dictates of the laboured writer little accorded with the warm imagination of the original author. Thus O reader! I have accounted to thee for the omission of this chapter; but invaluable as it seems to me, I will not despair of still recovering it. I have taken every means in my power to be master of the contents. As a concluding effort, the papers are now in the hands of an eminent decypherer of obscure and obliterated writing, and from the wondrous works with which my friend has already favoured the public, I do not absolutely despair, but that in a second edition, (if such should haply be my lot) I may be able to present you with the original in all its native purity and perfection.

CHAPT. XVII.

Round hoof'd short jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, strait legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide.
Look what a horse shou'd have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

SHAKESPEARE'S DESCRIPTION OF ADONIS'S HORSE.

THE first year of our young hero's residence at the University, was the most promising a friend or Parent could have desired. He kept up a regular correspondence with Mr. Freeman: and to make himself familiar with the Latin tongue, his letters were written in that language. So well too had he conducted his expences, that without the smallest appearance of parsimony, (the most degrading thing in a young man of spirit) he had not exceeded his income. The unknown 100l. note had furnished his rooms with every necessary article, and a well-chosen library of books, while a considerable sum remained. The christmas and long vacation he spent at St. Donats; and his leisure time he very well employed, by studying the French and Italian tongue. In the beginning of his second year he wrote for the Latin prize, and succeeded. Mr. Freeman went to Oxford upon the occasion to hear him recite in the Theatre. At the end of this year he received another 100l. note, sent as the former, with the same words. This period might be called the epoch of his declining from his studies. Buoyed up with the praises that had been given him, and as if he was sufficiently skilled in literature, he began to court the character of a *bon-vivant*. He very rarely attended the lectures of his tutor; and the college exercises he considered no longer as a composition, but as a task, which he hastily hurried over. Not that this remissness began all at once; his natural good sense, and the excellent dictates, he had so frequently heard from his friend Freeman, would at times, give him a fit of study; but he got tired when the will was wanting, and the baneful love of dissipation daily gained ground in his heart. Mr. Freeman, ever watchful over him, soon perceived this from the tenor of his letters, and he gently cautioned him. "Your conduct at present, my dear friend, (he would say) lays the foundation of your future life; you are in the road to do well, but as yet you have gained nothing. But however you act, whatever you do, let the cool and retired moments, when the conscience is uninfluenced by worldly motives, approve and sanction you. If your own heart condemns you, you are certainly acting wrong; if your conduct will not bear the nicest reflection and thorough examination, you cannot have acted right. Right and wrong, however disguised, is known to you as well as me; nor need I say which of the two a man of honour and a christian will always prefer." In such like hints Mr. Freeman forewarned him. Smith was not, in every respect, pleased with himself, and therefore his letters with Mr. Freeman became less and less frequent. Without any thing particular happening, he commenced his third year. After the Christmas vacation Smith thought proper to keep a horse by the week, and therefore he was a good deal out of the college with Wiffle and Symms, Lord Edward, Sir Harry Valence, and others, who were more able to support expences of that kind than himself. The last unknown 100l. had cleared him in the University, and he set off again, as if he had thousands at his disposal.

In one of these parties (Sir Harry was not there) they went to a fair, and dined at Abingdon; and having drank very freely, about nine o'clock prepared to return home. Symms was mounted on a high spirited stallion; and as they came in the morning through Lord Harcourt's park, he set off, at a high rate, the same road, closely followed by Wiffle; Smith galloped after them, to say they were going wrong, but the noise of his horse only hastened their's, and he in vain tried to overtake them. Wiffle and Symms were very much in liquor; the rest therefore followed them, and soon found, by some people going from the fair, that they had turned to the right, and totally lost their road: they all continued in the same way, and wandered about for some hours, through a number of villages, occasionally hearing of them. At last, a little distance from a small hamlet, where all the inhabitants were a'bed, they heard a peculiar whistle, which they once knew to be Symms's, coming from the inside of a parish pound. The moon was up; Lord Edward came first to the spot, the others close behind. "Hollo!" said he, "what, Wiffle and Symms here? well, how are you?" "Fit for market;" answered Wiffle; for, like poor people's corn, we have been first well gleaned, and badly thrashed out." "I *conclude* then, you have been robbed;" Said Lord Edward. "Nay," replied Wiffle "that was the *beginning* of the business." "Why, Wiffle," said Smith, "you look *grave*." If I go on in this manner, replied he in a very doleful tone, "I shall soon be in my *grave*. They have already put me, you see, in a clay cold bed." "*Lord* fellow," cried Smith, "you are come to a bad hap at last."

"Nay, not so *poor*," continued Wiffle, for according to "my old friend Joe, if you will give me one shilling, I shall have got a guinea by the business."

"How so?"

"Why you see I am furnished with a *pound* already."

"Well," said the other, tossing him a shilling, (for they were now released) "since you have got a guinea, remember, you owe Symms one half. Now with your begged wealth and borrowed puns, Wiffle, what can you say for yourself?"

"Quote half the sages of Greece for the first, and their poets for the last. Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, had but one poor pun between them, for which they may all thank the godfather of * *Tolpnices*. Aristotle too recommends them, though he had none of his own. Homer's † *Outis*, I should have been absolutely ashamed of; and Terence, Cicero, and Ovid, made the best they could."

"Why, Wiffle, you are knowing in the Grecian and Roman hiſtories."

"Yes, rather more ſo *practically* than I wiſh to be with ſome of the followers of Romulus, who ſeem well verſed in every Grecian manœuvre. The ancient Greeks inſtructed my head; the modern ones are inclined to make me uſe my legs."

"What are your horſes ſtolen? Where are they? "Mine," ſaid Wiffle, "was rode away with; but Symms's, according to cuſtom has carried off the rider."

"Which way?"

"*Over the hills and far away.*"

"This is a croſs circumſtance," ſaid Lord Edward, "how will you get home.

"*Salus inermes*," ſaid Wiffle, "there is good luck under the croſs."

* "*Much quarrelling*," *the name means. As this young gentleman took good care to verify his name, theſe three very great writers could not reſiſt the opportunity of ſhewing their wit upon the ſubject.*

† *See Homer's Odyſſey.* 204

ON THE DRUM.

I love that drum's hamonious ſound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it much more pleaſure yields,
Than crowded cities or green fields:
Gladly I'd leave their boaſted charms,
To hear the din of hoſtile arms:
And proud of honour's high commands,
Would march, and fight, and fall in foreign lands.

I love that drum's harmonious ſound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it tells the charming ſtory
Of War, of Conqueſt, and of Glory:
Of fields of carnage juſt begun,
On ending with the ſetting ſun:
Wile o'er the ſerried ſquadrons bright
Fine-creſted Victory burſts upon the ſight.

FOR THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

HISTORY of JACK MARTIN.

[*Continued.*]

Scene III. A PUBLIC OFFICE.

Tandem, Gig, and others employed at their work.

Enter MARTIN.

Jack. May it pleaſe you, gentlemen,
Lives there near here a goodly perſon
By name Tom Cap?

Tandem. There does, and this his office.
Pray might I aſk
What buſineſs have you with him

Jack. Nothing of moment—
Yet I wiſh to ſpeak with him;
A little hour ago we dined together,
And he directed me unto his office,
And ſaid he would be here anon.

Gig. Your name, ſir, I preſume is Martin.

Jack. It is—
And have the honor to belong to this
Moſt noble, good and glorious profeſſion.
Poor I am at preſent, ſir, in purſe;
And gladly would procure employment.
I'd even do a double duty
And for leſs wages than is cuſtomary
For men of this our buſineſs to receive.

Tandem. That give me leave to ſay
In you would be improper;
For ſhould you, in the way you mentioned be employ'd,
No other man would work along with you.

Jack. Indeed,—'tis ſtrange—
Howe'er I'll think about it—
And touching it I'll ſpeak to my friend Cap;
Meanwhile, until he doth come in,
I'll take a tour around your pop'lous city,
And note the different cuſtoms of the people.

[*Exit.*]

Scene changes to a ſtreet—various people paſſing to and fro.

JACK—*Solus.*

What ſtrange reverſe of human fate—here I
Who long have been the butt of fortunes freaks;
See a bright proſpect opening to my view.
I who have been in various ways employ'd,
By various men, am now—But who comes here?
By Heaven tis he, 'tis Doctor Sibley—yes
The very man whoſe death I meditated now approaches;
Wha'ts to be done—
Rocks, mountains, fall upon my guilty head
—But ſoft, why do I rave? he paſſes by
And all is calm again—
O! conſcience why doſt thou torment me thus?
True I did aim the Piſtol at his head,
But then the Ball another courſe did take,
And Sibley lives—What though I burnt
His office to the ground—'twas Federal
And the deed was juſt—
Here in my guilty breaſt the ſecret lies,
And Carolina feels my weight no more.

SCENE IV.

A view of Switz and Dover's Houſe. Enter Jack, making towards it.

Jack. Now will I try my fortune with theſe men,
Whom fame reports as of the federal clan--
So much the better!
For once I did profeſs in politics the ſame,
And made a ſtir againſt the democrats:
Boſton can witneſs to the truth of this.
Why may I not, then, on a party ſcore,
Claim from this Switz and Dover ſome aſſiſtance?

Taps at the door—Fudge opens it.

Fudge. H'are ye—Mr.—what would you pleaſe to have?

Jack. Pray ſir inform me, do not Switz and Dover
Dwell in this manſion?

Fudge. Ye—e—s—will you walk in ſir.

Jack enters—the door cloſes—ſcene changes to the inſide of a public office.

Switz, Dover, Fudge and others, buſily employed. Martin advances towards Switz and addreſſes him.

Martin. Dear ſir,
From various perſons I have juſt now learnt,
That in your office you do want a perſon,
T'aſſiſt in proſecuting this your buſineſs;
Now of a ſituation, thus deſcribed,
Am I in need;
I alſo muſt inform you, my good ſir,
That I am very poor and needy—
And if employment you could well afford me,
You ſhall not find me backward at my work—
Beſides my principles reſpecting politics
Are all accordant to what you profeſs.
Some few years ſince, when happier fortune ſmil'd,
I was proprietor of ſuch an office.
You may remember, and I dare be ſworn,
That you have ſeen a ſample of my work.

Switz. Phat might hafe peen the name of it?

Jack. It was entitled, ſir, the Orrery.

Switz. O yes—I do remember ſomething apout it—
Well, I will conſult my partner 'pout the matter,
And if 'tis boſſiple you ſhall have work.

Jack. I ſhall be ever grateful—good day, ſir.

[*Exit—and ſcene cloſes.*]

GALLANT ROBBERY.

Not long ſince, a very gallant highway robbery was committed on Wimbledon Common, (England) upon the perſon of a young married lady. After receiving her purſe, the robber politely demanded an elegant ring which he diſcovered on her finger; this ſhe peremptorily refuſed, ſaying, ſhe would ſooner part with her life. The hero of the turf rejoined; "Since you value the ring ſo much madam, allow me the honor of ſaluting the fair hand which wears it, and I ſhall deem it full equivalent." The hand was inſtantly ſtretched through the charriot window, and the kiſs being received, the highwayman thanked her for her condeſcenſion, and inſtantly galloped off, perfectly ſatisfied with the commutation.

ORTHOGRAPHY.

A few years ſince a gentlemen riding through a country village in England, he obſerved painted on the window of a ſmall tippling houſe—

"My wyfe queres A Gooſe,
"And I quere the Ganders."

The perſon who communicated this ſpecimen of orthography to me, informed, that being conſiderably perplexed to aſcertain the preciſe meaning of the words, he alighted from his horſe and entered the houſe, when he enquired the intention of the foregoing lines, and after much explanation, he found out that the information they wiſhed to convey was as follows:

My wife cures Agues,
And I cure the Jaundice.

THE VISION OF SORROW.

BY W. P. CAREY.

O thou, whoſe form amid the deepeſt gloom,
That ſhrouds the fearful ſolitude of night,
Beams in wan viſions on my penſive ſight,
Awak'd from the cold ſlumbers of the tomb.

Fair ſpirit ſay, if with their wanton pow'r,
Thy pure affections glow beyond the grave;
Doſt thou a melancholy joy receive,
When mem'ry gives to thee my lonely hour?

Ah! no—faſt buried in eternal ſleep,
The dead behold not when the living weep.

SWEET COWLIPS.

IN the rude haunts of poverty, where I was bred,
Contented I ſung, though my portion was ſcant;
And at night, when dry ſtraw only pillow'd my head,
I was grateful to Heav'n that kept me from want;
Then I cry'd my ſweet cowſlips, ſweet cowſlips, come buy.

The ſquire of the village ſoon came to our cot,
And tempted poor LILLA to quit it by ſtealth:
To forſake her low calling, and better her lot,
By ſharing with him in affection and wealth:
No more to cry cowſlips, &c.

But I laugh'd at his offers, rejected his pray'r,
Though lovely the youth was and graceful his mein;
For I told him, the parents who rear'd me with care
Should never to bluſh for their LILLA be ſeen:
But I'd ſtill cry my cowſlips, &c.

My anſwer ſo pleas'd him, he tender'd his hand,
And vow'd he no more would my virtue diſtreſs;
But poor LILLA his fortune and name ſhould command,
And my dear aged parents the hour now bleſs,
When I cry'd my ſweet cowſlips, ſweet cowſlips, come buy.

ODE TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

[By JOHN DAVIS, the neglected poet of South Carolina.]

SWEET bird, whoſe imitative ſtrain,
Of all thy tribes can perſonate the note.
And with a burden'd heart complain,
Or to the ſong of joy attune thy throat.
To thee I touch the ſtring,
While at my caſement, from the neighb'ring tree,
Thou hail'ſt the coming ſpring,
And plaintive pour'ſt thy voice, or mock'ſt with merry glee.

Thou brighteſt to my mind,
The characters we find
Amid the motley ſcenes of human life;
How very few appear
The garb of truth to wear!
But with a borrow'd voice, conceal a heart of ſtrife.

Sure then with wiſdom fraught,
Thou art by nature taught
Diſſembled joy in others to deride.
And when the mournful heart
Aſſumes a ſprightly part,
To note the cheat, and with thy mocking chide.

But when with midnight ſong,*
Thou ſing'ſt the woods among,
And ſofter feelings in the breaſt awake;
Sure then thy rolling note
Does ſympathy denote,
And ſhews thou can'ſt of others' grief partake.

Pour out thy lenghten'd ſtrain,
With woe and grief complain,
And blend thy ſorrows in the mournful lay;
Thy moving tale reveal,
Make me ſoft pity feel,
I love in ſilent woe to paſs the day.

* *It is a fact that the Mocking-bird ſings beſt at midnight, which I am enabled to affirm de ipſo facto.*

Come and Taste Tranquility.

YE that groan beneath the weight
Of diſſipation, pride and ſtate,
Ye that fain would pleaſure find,
Led by fortune, ever blind.
Come and ſit along with me.

Would you cheerful health reſtore,
When advice can do no more,
Seek the freſh reviving breeze,
Or the fanning of the trees,
Come and ſit along with me,
Come and taſte tranquility.

Ye that thwarted are by love,
Come and murmur with the dove,
Shun the falſe, ungrateful maid,
Seek the ſweet ſequeſter'd ſhade.
Come and ſit along with me,
Come and taſte tranquility.

EPITAPH.

Beneath this ſtone my wife doth lay,
Who dy'd for want of breath they ſay.

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